

# THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. OUR MOTTO IS—TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

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## Shot at a Supper Table.

Camp Reynolds, Angel Island, California, was the scene of one of the most horrible tragedies that has ever occurred. There seems a mystery hanging over the affair, but the facts of the case, so far as could be learned, are as follows:

A social club was organized among the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of this camp, and during the winter they gave a series of private theatricals. Among the members of the club were several belonging to Company H, under orders for Camp McDermott; and it was agreed to give an entertainment and dance, as a sort of farewell to them. Friday evening was chosen, and at that time quite a number of guests were present, including several from the city, in all fifteen or twenty couples. Everything passed off pleasantly, and about 10 o'clock they sat down to supper, served in the mess hall. Among the guests was Emma Spohr, daughter of one of the men of the Twelfth Infantry Band, a pretty little girl, in her sixteenth year. During the past month she had been on a visit to her father and mother on the Island, though much of her time was spent in the city. During the evening she had evidently enjoyed herself very much; she was a great favorite with all. Another young girl and she sat side by side at the supper-table, while directly opposite sat her father and a young soldier named Ray. It would seem that the conversation of the two girls was in relation to this young man Ray, and they were laughing and criticizing some female characters he had taken in the private theatricals of the club. At this time Fritz Kimmel, First Sergeant of the band, entered the hall, walked to the rear of the chair occupied by Miss Spohr, deliberately drew a Remington revolver, and as her head partially turned, without a word of any kind fired, and the young girl fell into the arms of her companion, her face, but a moment before wreathed in smiles, now covered with blood.

In a moment all was confusion, and while the whole company sat as it were paralyzed at the horrible deed, the murderer stepped back a few steps, again raised his pistol, placed it at his own forehead and fired, and was dead even before his victim. A physician was almost immediately upon the spot. Kimmel, the murderer, was already dead, but life still lingered in the girl. An examination showed that the ball had entered just behind the left ear, and had passed into the brain, producing a fatal wound. She was unconscious, and lived but about ten minutes. Her body was removed to the quarters of her parents, and the company, appalled by the sad and sudden conclusion of their entertainment, went to their homes.

An investigation into the affair was immediately ordered by the commandant of the station, the civil authorities having no voice. A number of those present were examined, but the testimony given amounted to little beyond the facts given above. Two or three present saw Kimmel draw the revolver; none dreamed of his intentions, and when the shot was fired, believed, at first, that the pistol was accidentally discharged. But further testimony demonstrated almost to a certainty that the deed was premeditated, though his reasons for so doing remain a matter of conjecture. It was shown in the investigation that there existed but a passing acquaintance between the two. Kimmel was always ready and anxious to pay her any polite attentions, and during her visit on the island was known to sit and watch the house where she was, for long periods of time, and seemed attacked with a spirit of jealousy when any one of his comrades was with her. The night of the party he had invited her to attend it with him, but her parents at first refused, only consenting after repeated persuasions. Kimmel, during the fore part of the evening, was engaged with the band, and it is but charitable to suppose that the sight of the young girl enjoying herself with innocent freedom, dancing first with one and then another of his companions, excited him really to madness. When supper was served, he allowed her to be escorted to the table by another, and himself left the hall. He was seen to go to the barracks, where it is supposed he got the revolver. He then went to the guard-house, where a man named Sumner was temporarily under arrest, said "good-bye" to him, and without explanation, walked back to the hall, then to the mess-room, and without hesitation, committed the murder. Little further of interest was elicited at the investigation, and the decision was in accordance with the facts as related.

Kimmel was a native of Germany and about twenty-five years of age. He never had been a favorite with his comrades, seemed of a very quiet and melancholy disposition, and many regarded him as a little weak-minded. Emma Spohr was born in Australia.

INDIGESTION.—In nine cases out of ten, especially with horses, sickness in animals is caused by indigestion. Want of grooming, dirty, ill-ventilated stables, starving one week and overfeeding the next, not feeding at the regular time when on the road, and then giving too much when the horses are exhausted by fasting and labor, giving too much food at noon and too little time to eat it, feeding immature grain and musty hay—these are among the causes of indigestion.

## The Will of James Gordon Bennett.

The late James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald always betrayed a desire to retain the ownership of the Herald up to the moment of his death. He lived only for that purpose, and any commendation was ever a key to his heart and good will. But he was not unmindful of the duty of disposing of his property. Shortly before his wife and daughter went to Europe, the venerable journalist made a will which was satisfactory to the family. He dealt out his wealth with a princely hand, and each of his three heirs are now the absolute owners of millions of dollars. The following are said to be the principal provisions of the will:

To his son, James Gordon Bennett he gives the Herald establishment and Herald Building on Broadway, and also the property on Fulton, Ann and Nassau streets, formerly the site of the Herald. It is said that the will also provides that young Mr. Bennett shall not sell the Herald, and that it shall remain in possession of the family.

To his widow he gives the mansion, corner of Thirty-eight street and Fifth avenue, with other real estate up-town. To his daughter, Miss Jeannette Bennett, he gives his mansion and grounds on Washington Heights, and also some personal property and mementoes.

The above are said to be the provisions of the will made by Mr. Bennett a few weeks before his wife sailed for Europe. It is asserted that he neither altered it nor made another will. The whole period of his recent illness was used by him solely to prepare for his last end.

Miss Jeannette Bennett is now about eighteen years of age. Her father and brother literally doted upon her. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and so anxious was young Mr. Bennett to have her remain there, that when a governess whom he had employed sent her to a different institution in his absence, he discharged the tutor and took Miss Jeannette back to the sisters.

AN UNDESIRABLE SON.—A curious case which recently came before the Thames police court is thus described by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "A mother prosecuted her son, William Mason, aged fourteen, for attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself from a window. Mrs. Mason said her son came home one night, after being out all day, and asked her for money and food. She declined to give him any money, as he was a bad boy, but promised that he should have some food if he went to a situation she had procured for him. He rushed on to the window-sill, and was about to jump off, when she caught hold of him and dragged him back. He then tried to choke himself, but she pulled his hands from his throat, which was quite red and swollen. He tried to jump out of the window again, but she kept a tight hold of him, and, calling a police constable, gave him in charge. He had thrown himself down stairs once before and injured himself seriously. She had done all in her power to correct him, but without avail. On one occasion she beat him until he was black and blue. Mr. Paget sent the prisoner to prison for a week, and said he would see what that would do."

HORRIBLE IF TRUE.—The slavers of the South Sea Islands have a barbarous way of securing their human stock in trade. According to Commodore Markham, a British commander on the Australian station, the men engaged in the slave trade make treaties with the chief of a tribe who has a feud on hand to supply him with so many heads of his enemies in exchange for live subjects of his own. There are different methods of decapitation pursued. The commander's informant had been an eye-witness of a scene in which the murderers used their knives. A brig lay to off an island of the Solomon group, and a canoe full of men put off to her from the shore. As the canoe passed under the vessel's stern, her stern-boat, which had been loosened on purpose, was suddenly dropped on it, smashing it to pieces. Boats were lowered and the natives pulled into them, but not to be rescued. As soon as they were seized, their heads were cut off over the gunwale of the boat with long knives. The British are taking measures for the suppression of this horrible traffic.

CITY ADVERTISING.—That portion of the Corporation advertising of New York city, which has, during the past few years, enriched the proprietors of the *Transcript* with the annual sum of about \$250,000 of public money, has been assigned to the *Register*, at an estimate of 9,500 for the year. It will cost \$35,000 to do the composition alone, and how the paper, which is a Hotel advertising record can make money out of it is a mystery. If the contract is carried out faithfully it will make a saving. All the New York journals bid for the advertising but the *Register* won the rose.

BOXES.—The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, has directed the Assistant Treasurer at New York to withdraw the \$1,300,000 3 per cents, \$5,000 numbering from 3811 to 3856 inclusive; \$10,000 numbering from 3952 to 4150 inclusive, dated from August 1, 1868, to August 15, 1868, interest to cease July 31, 1872.

The Union Pacific road lost \$300,000 by the snow blockade.

## How California Fields are Plowed.

The fields are plowed with what are called gang-plows, which are simply four, six or eight plowshares fastened to a stout frame of wood. On the lighter soil eight horses draw a seven gang-plow, and one such team is counted on to put in 640 acres of wheat in the sowing season; or from 8 to 10 acres per day. Capt. Gray, near Merced, has put in this season 4,000 acres with five such teams—his own land and his own teams. A seed sower is fastened in front of the plow. It scatters the seed, the plows cover it—and the work is done. The plow has no handles, and the plowman is, in fact, only a driver; he guides the team; the plows do their work. It is easy work, and a smart boy, if his legs are equal to the walk, is as good a plow-man as anybody—for the team turns the corners, and the plow is not handled at all. It is a striking sight to see, as I saw, 10 eight-horse teams following each other, over a vast plain, cutting "lands" a mile long, and when all had passed me, leaving a track, 40 feet wide, of plowed ground. On the heavier soil the process is somewhat different. An eight-horse moves a four gang plow, and gets over about six acres per day. The seed is then sown by a machine which scatters it forty feet, and sows from 75 to 100 acres in a day, the ground is then harrowed and cross-harrowed. When the farmer, in this valley has done his winter sowing, he turns his teams and men into other ground, which he is to summer fallow. This he can do from the first of March to the middle of May; and by it he secures a remunerative crop for the following year, even if the season is dry. This discovery is of inestimable importance to the farmers on the drier part of these great plains. Experience has demonstrated conclusively, that if they plow their land in the Spring time, and then let it lie till the winter rains come on, then sow their wheat and harrow it in, they are sure of a crop; and the Summer will have killed every weed, beside.

PERILS OF THE DRUG STORES.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "A correspondent makes some pertinent remarks on the unlawful licensing of uneducated druggists. As an illustration of the vital importance of a thorough knowledge of medical chemistry to qualify a person for compounding prescriptions, it may be mentioned that not long since a physician tried an experiment to satisfy himself as to the extent of the danger incurred on account of ignorance in this regard. Calling at a certain drug store, he presented the following prescription: 'Hydrag. chlor. misg. grs. x.' Saying that he would call for the mixture in a few minutes, he turned as if to go, when the druggist in an excited tone, called him back. 'Doctor,' said the latter, 'I can't make up these in ingredients for anybody to take: you must have made a mistake.' 'How so?' said the doctor. 'Why, don't you see that there are here all the ingredients to constitute corrosive sublimate?' 'Of course I do,' was the answer; 'but I have submitted the same prescription at a dozen different places, and you are the first one who has objected to putting it up, or indicated any suspicion of its deadly nature.'

FANNY FERN ON THE PREVAILING STYLE.—When I say that the street dress of the majority of respectable women of New York to-day is disgusting, I but feebly express my emotions. I say the respectable women, and yet, save to them who know them to be such, their appearance leaves a wide margin for doubt. The clown at a circus wears not a more parti-colored costume; in fact, his has the advantage of being sufficiently "taut," to use a nautical phrase, not to interfere with locomotion; while theirs—with disgusting humps upon their backs, and big rosettes upon their shoulders, and loops, and folds, and buttons, and clasps, and bows upon their skirts, and striped satin petticoats, all too short to hide their clumsy ankles—and more colors and shades of colors heaped up on one poor little fashion-ridden body than ever was gathered in one rainbow—and all this worn without regard to temperature, or time, or place—I say this presents a spectacle which is too disheartening to be comical. One cannot smile at the young girls who are one day—Heaven help them—to be wives and mothers!

HOW IT HAS BEEN.—Fires have been raging in the forests, and on the mountains and plains all over the country in consequence of the long continued drought of this spring. An examination of the table furnished by the self-recording rain-gauge at the Central Park Meteorological Observatory shows that the supply of rain is scarcely more than one-half that of last year at a corresponding date. The difference in depth of snow was also great. In 1871 being 30.11 ins., and in 1872 9.87 ins. The frost, penetrating the ground much deeper this year than last, which was doubtless the chief cause of the destruction of so many trees and hedges in the country.

MANGEL-WURZEL.—All things considered, we regard this as the best root crop for our climate. If the land is rich enough, and the plants get a good start, the severest drought seldom hurts the crop. Sow in drills three feet apart, and thin out twelve to fifteen inches in the row. It requires about four pounds of seed per acre.

## Always: A Florida Lyric.

Let the plover pipe in the marshy grain,  
The hart and the hind go play,  
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,  
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

The eagle may soar like the rising shout  
To the very depths of the sky,  
But the whistling bullet will find him out,  
Though he be ever so high.

The salmon may leap in a fringe of froth,  
And the trout in the lake may laugh,  
But the fisherman's net will have them both,  
And cruel the barbed gaff.

If ever the blue sky wears a sun  
That is glad in the sight of day,  
The sorrowing stars come one by one  
And gather its glory away;

And if ever the heart is rich and strong  
As a bridegroom's first career,  
The death-grief comes, in its cruel wrong,  
And turns it to bitterness.

Then let the plover pipe in the grain,  
The hart and the hind go play,  
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,  
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

## Farmhouse Notes.

INSECTS.—War must still be kept up against all injurious insects, and means for destroying them used.

CESTRANTHUS.—These bushes which have become sickly or unsightly from the want of care, ought to have the old wood cut back, so as to give light and air.

RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES.—Tie up the canes of last year's growth and cut away the old bearing canes, if not attended to last fall. Plenty of manure should be spaded under, between the rows.

GRAPE-VINES.—When vines are trained according to the arm-system, the arms should be bent in the form of a curve, to allow the buds to start equally. Young vines, set out this season, should be allowed to grow only one cane.

MULCHING.—Too much cannot be said about properly mulching young trees, especially the first season after they are set; it saves a great deal of work in destroying weeds, and during a dry season will often prevent trees dying.

POULTRY.—Provide plenty of nest-eggs for the hens, and see that two do not lay in one nest or in the same nest with a setting hen. See that everything is kept clean in the poultry-house, and that it is well ventilated. Whitewash frequently. Move the coops frequently, so as to keep the ground or grass clean. This is particularly necessary with turkeys. Avoid the common mistake of having the coops too small, and see that they are well ventilated. The great secret of raising ducks is to feed them all they will eat, half a dozen times a day, or more.

LIVE STOCK.—The animals on the farm need care and attention this month, and, yet, owing to the pressure of other work, they are very apt to be neglected. Almost any farmer can raise corn and potatoes, but not one farmer in ten has the qualities necessary to manage horses, cows, sheep and pigs to the best advantage. It requires good judgment, a keen eye to detect the first symptoms of lameness, indigestion, want of vigor, etc. When an animal is taken sick, it should be taken for granted that, as a general rule, there is some defect or neglect in the food or management, not only of this one, but of all the others. At any rate, the matter should be investigated.

PIGS.—Geo. Mevanda, said in the Farmers' Club: I have a lot of good stock Chester Pigs, two months old, still running with the sow, and very thrifty so far; but within a few days, when standing or walking, they are suddenly jerked down or give way through weakness in the back until the belly comes on the ground, their feet remaining stationary. They remain in this position a short time, then come all right again. These spasms come on very frequently; at intervals of from one to five minutes. Mr. Stewart—the trouble is costiveness; the symptoms are similar to those of stretches in sheep. They need some green food, some linseed oil meal, or some laxative feed. No complaint is more fatal to young pigs than costiveness, and it should, therefore, be strictly guarded against.

FERTILIZING CORN.—Here is a hint to corn-growers, of some value: "An intelligent and reliable farmer, who had been for many years making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanting corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn was of little consequence; he plants whether it is needed or not—or rather he plants two or three week after crops are planted, about every fifth or sixth row. He says if the weather be silk and tassel, both becomes dry and dead. In this condition, if it should be come seasonable, the silk revives and renews, but the tassel does not recover. Thus, for the want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the office for which it was designated. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common to the corn crop, are caused by want of pollen, and that he has had known ears to double their size in the double filling."

SHEEP AS WEED EXTERMINATORS.—It may not be known to farmers in general, that it is a common practice in some parts of the country to turn sheep into the potato field, for the purpose of eating down the weeds. The sheep will not touch the potato vine. This pasturing with sheep is advantageous, when the crop is a late planted one, so that the hoeing cannot be completed until after the haying or harvesting is finished. At the growing season it is the farmer's aim to keep down the grass and weeds, so that they may be covered by the cultivator and hoe, when these are used. Pasturing with sheep will attain this object. Early planted crops, the cultivation of which is completed in the early part of the summer, frequently become grassy and weedy, before the time of digging, when the size of the tops precludes cultivation. In this stage the sheep are economical weeders. It is hardly necessary to mention that the feed thus given to the sheep, makes a double profit, inasmuch as it costs absolutely nothing, while labor is saved, and weeds prevented from seeding.

## The Story of his First Love.

Late in 1832, or early in 1833, says the narrator of his life, the late ex-President Lincoln went to board at a tavern in New Salem, Ill., kept by James Rutledge. Ann Rutledge the third daughter of this family, was at that time about 19, and was probably the most refined woman with whom Mr. Lincoln had then ever conversed—a modest, delicate creature, fascinating, were it only by force of contrast with the rude people with whom she was surrounded. All witnesses unite in praising her. Mrs. Hardin Bale, a woman of the neighborhood who knew her well, said: "She had auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, was a pretty, kind, tender, good-hearted woman, beloved by all who knew her. McNamar, Hill, and Lincoln all courted her at the same time. The men who spoke of her described her with yet more enthusiasm. She had a sad story. When little more than 17 she became engaged to McNamar. He left her to go to the assistance of his parents in the State of New York, promising to return as soon as possible; but weeks grew months, and even years, and still he did not come. She had loved him at first, but that love seems to have cooled with his long absence; and at last she responded to the passionate and impetuous attachment of young Lincoln. But she felt that she must not marry until she could obtain a release from McNamar. She wrote to him in vain, as she had watched in vain for his coming, and in 1835 she died, as some say of brain fever induced by her anxiety of mind. In her grave Lincoln was wont to declare his heart lay buried. A few days before her death he was summoned to her bedside; but what happened in that solemn conference was known only to him and the dying girl. But when he left her and stopped at the house of John Jones, on the way home, Jones saw signs of the most terrible distress in his face and his manner. When Ann actually died and was buried, his grief became frantic; he lost all self-control, even the consciousness of his own identity, and all his New Salem friends pronounced him insane. "He was watched with especial vigilance during storms, fog, damp and gloomy weather, for fear of an accident. At such times he raved piteously, declaring, among other wild expressions of his woe, 'I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains, and storms beat upon her grave.'" His friend, Bowlin Greene, took charge of him, and it was several weeks before it was considered safe to let him go back to his old haunts and old employments. He was never precisely the same man again. He had always been subject to periods of great mental depression, but after this they were more frequent and alarming. It was then that he began to repeat this poem which, poor in itself, is immortalized by his adoption of it, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

A few weeks after the death of Ann Rutledge, her old lover, McNamar, returned to New Salem, and he seems to have mourned for her as deeply if not as wildly as did Lincoln.

QUELLING A RIOT.—During the recent riots in the town of Kharoff, in the Province of Ukraine, Russia, the people were having a holiday drunken bout in the square of St. Michael, and making a great noise. The police ordered them to disperse and deluged them with water, but this only incensed the people, who immediately proceeded to stone the police. Troops were then called in, but were repulsed with considerable loss of life, and for over a day the rioters held possession of the town and threatened to do great damage to government property. The governor finding himself powerless applied to the archbishop to assist him in restoring order. The latter then addressed the crowd, censured the police and the troops, and offered to celebrate a funeral service for those of the rioters who had been killed. This quieted the people for a time, and enabled the authorities to put themselves in a condition to enforce the preservation of the peace.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—The late Prince Albert once paid a visit to a school, and heard the teacher make one of the classes go through what is termed, in the phraseology of pedagogues, an object lesson. "Now, can you tell me anything about heat?" was one of the questions. A bright little man held forth his hand, as much as to say that he could. "Well, now, my boy," said the teacher, "what do you know?" "Heat expands," said the boy, in the jerky style of delivery characteristic of his years. "Heat expands—cold contracts." The teacher looked at the Prince for approval. The Prince bowed his head, and smiled approbation. The teacher, eager for more such smiles, went on. "Very good," he said; "now give me an example." "In summer the days are long; in winter the days are short."

A SHEEP CHARMED BY A SNAKE.—A sheep, owned by a son of Mr. J. G. Fulton, at Mongaup Valley, Ulster county, was charmed by a milk snake. The animal was observed by Mr. Fulton apart from the flock, standing in a peculiar attitude so long, near a ledge of rocks, that he went to see what was the matter, when he discovered its attention directed to the snake. He succeeded in bringing down his snakeship. But the sheep acted strangely, and would not go with the flock, and finally fled to the woods, since which time it has been neither seen or heard of.

## Gambling as a Science.

Casual and amateur betters at the spas play at random, without theory or calculation of any kind; but the habitual and professional gamblers always have systems, by which they confidently expect, some time or other, to break the bank. I have been told of men, and women too, indeed, who have been going to Baden or Wiesbaden for ten, twelve and fifteen years with that avowed purpose, and yet, but sole financial injury they have wrought has been to themselves. Their ill luck, as they term it, does not, however, mar their faith in systems. These they hold to be unquestionably correct—the fault is either in their understanding or in their malignant stars.

The principal fallacy in respect to systems is that chance is subject to law, extremely subtle, but discoverable if diligently and earnestly investigated. The mind of a thorough gambler can never be disabused of this notion. He cleaves to it after years of experience to the contrary as he did at the outset. Come what may, he will hold that the blind goddess has vision enough to read the pages of the volume of logic which he is persuaded she carries concealed in the folds of her robe.

One of the simplest and most plausible systems or theories is to begin with a small stake, and keep doubling it until it wins. There are three bags to the success of this plan: first, the vast amount of money required to carry it out; secondly, the limitation as to minimum and maximum of the stake; and thirdly, the percentage of the bank (no amount of prudence, audacity, or calculation can overcome this), which, when the little ball at roulette drops into zero, or the refait is made at treble-et-quarante, all the betters, on whatever side, lose their wagers.

Few persons without actual computation, have any idea to what an enormous sum the doubling process will soon swell. Let any one, for example, begin at roulette with the smallest stake allowed, one florin, and let him lose, as not infrequently happens, twenty times in succession; his last bet must be 524,288 florins—about \$210,000—an amount very few men have at hand to devote to the purpose of play. At treble-et-quarante the sum needed, beginning with the lowest stake, two florins, for the twentieth doubling bet would be 1,048,576 florins—say \$420,000. Besides long before the player arrived at his twentieth stake he would have exceeded the limit of the bank, and he would be returned to his original bet, losing four or five thousand florins in the desperate attempt to win one—a species of political economy not likely to be taught or followed outside of a mad-house. Another theory of the frequenters of the gaming-tables is that chances are governed by the doctrine of probabilities—in other words, that a number or color which has lost for a long time must soon begin to win. If this could be tested for a century or two it might be proved correct. But confined to a limited period, it turns out very fallacious. I have known men who betted persistently on black in the evening, because red had had such an extraordinary run of luck during the day; and yet when the bank closed they had no more florins than the players who had stubbornly adhered to the red.—*Junius Henri Browne.*

THE TREATY.—Sir Stafford Northcote, in the English House of Commons, said his speech at Exeter on the Treaty of Washington, which created so much comment, especially on this side of the water, was correctly reported in the London journals. He repeated what he had said—that while at Washington he understood that the indirect claims were never to be presented. He declined to go further into detail without the requisite notice, which was immediately given by Mr. Bouverie, so that more about the matter may be expected soon, which will at least be interesting to American ears.

MR. Gladstone replied to several questions from Disraeli, expressing regret at the premature publication of the supplemental article, and informing the House that her Majesty's government had received official notification that the Senate had agreed to the new article. It would, however, he thought, be premature to announce what steps would be taken by Great Britain, with reference to her appearance at Geneva, until all the negotiations were settled. The London journals mingle their gratification at the success of the article, with complaints to the United States government. The effect of the ratification has been to render American securities firmer in the London markets.

TUGBOAT EXPLOSIONS.—Another steaming exploded its boiler in the harbor, killing six and wounding four men. The blow is, not that these little boats wobble so frequently, but that we do not have ten accidents of the sort where we have one now. The engines used in these tugs are all of the high pressure pattern, and the boilers have seldom less than ninety pounds of steam to the square inch. When it is remembered that the average pressure of steam used in the Hudson River passenger-boats is twenty eight or thirty pounds, and that even under this pressure a boiler sometimes explodes, it is evident that the boilers on board these tugs should be far stronger and better in every way than those of the Hudson River boats. The fact notoriously is that the tugboat boilers are in many cases old and eaten with rust, and that they are in charge of engineers who certainly are not at the head of their profession. Therefore, as we have said, the wonder is not that we have so many, but that we have so few, tugboat explosions.—*N. Y. Paper.*

SWINDLING.—Some of the farmers of Pennsylvania are becoming the victims of the wicked and treacherous lightning-rod man. One of these enterprising beings who travel up and down among the farmers, seeking whom they may induce to have their barns ornamented with rods of iron, lately pronounced upon an unsophisticated agriculturist in James-town. He wished to put rods on his buildings just for advertisement, and would only ask the farmer to sign a note for \$4. The note was signed without examination, the rods put up, and the lightning-rod man went his wicked ways, while the farmer man discovered that the note which he had signed was for \$136.

The locust eggs are poisoning the mulberries in Tennessee by being deposited in them, and the mulberries are poisoning children by the same process.

## Brevities.

"Curb Merchant," is the Rochester name for street loafer.

How to treat a bankrupt acquaintance—take no note of him.

"Hearth and Home," laments that people no longer write letters, but only notes.

Somebody defines mock turtle, as kissing between company and fighting afterwards.

It costs a Calcutta Hindoo about a dollar and a half to have his body buried in good style.

A "girl" died recently, in Portsmouth, N. H., who had been in the service of one family 69 years.

A Florida jail not having had an inmate in four years, the commissioners have turned it into a corn crib.

Portugal objects to its skilled labor emigrating to the U. S., and is taking measures to keep laborers at home.

Those who value themselves on their ancestry have been well compared to potatoes—all that is good of them is underground.

Schoolmistress—Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age I could write as well as I do now. Johnny—Aw! but you'd a different teacher to what we've got.

A Scotch peasant girl, on arriving for the first time at the turn-pike gate nearest Glasgow, knocked and enquired, "Is this Glasgow?" and being answered in the affirmative, asked, "Is Peggy in?"

The grave of the late Col. Jas. Fisk, at Brattleboro, was buried beneath a pyramid of costly flowers on Decoration day. A car load, costing \$3,000 was sent from New York to be piled above his head.

A California man requested his wife in a ball-room to hold the baby of another man's wife while he danced with the baby's mother, but she didn't hold it. Some wives are too disobedient to put up with.

A man in Westfield, Mass., thought to purify his well by generously throwing in a half bushel of lime. As there was but three feet of water in the well, he has had whitewash cheap and plenty ever since.

A Bloomington, Ill., man scalped a friend by accident lately, merely to show how it was done, supposing he had the back instead of the edge of the knife. The friend has now a thorough conception of the operation.

A rural citizen visited a Boston restaurant, heartily enjoyed a cup of delicious coffee and was on the point of leaving when asked if he hadn't forgotten something. He said he believed not, as "One of the neighbors said tea and coffee was on the free list now."

A lunatic in Rideau, Canada, recently took a little child in a skiff and started for the falls as he said on a voyage to heaven, being an angel sent for the child. The father immediately started in pursuit and stopped the madman just in time to save the little one from an awful death.

It requires five millions of men, half a million of horses and eight thousand cannon, maintained at an annual expense of seven hundred millions of dollars, to preserve the peace of Europe. It is exclusive of the cost of forts, arsenals, ships, wagons, tents, hospitals, etc., etc.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER.—The New York Herald when Bennett first started it was not much larger than a sheet of letter-paper, but it gave much light, minute and cheerful news. It was full of short paragraphs, printed in small type, and was an eminently saleable article. It sold well from the first day, but still Bennett had at first a terrible time. The extreme cheapness of the paper rendered him absolutely dependent upon its advertisers, and yet he dared not charge them more than fifty cents for a square of sixteen lines. So he had to cut down the expenses to a minimum. He did everything himself. He swept out his cellar, he carried the paper to the few subscribers it possessed in the morning, he wrote the editorials, the news, the criticisms. He did the reporting and the book-keeping—all, in fact, that was done. He sat behind his barrels and his plank, placidly writing, and when any one came for a paper, he never looked up, but just said, "put the money on the counter and take one." His working-day was sixteen hours. In the morning, from 5 to 8, he wrote editorials, in his bedroom. During the business hours he was in the cellar engaged in ordinary routine of editorial work. About 1 o'clock, having provided abundant copy for the compositors, he sallied forth into Wall-street to compile stock-tables, and to get matter for spicy paragraphs. From 4 to 6 he was in his office again, winding up the business of the day. In the evening he was abroad—at the theatres, or concert, ball, or public meeting, which were faithfully written up and handed to the printers before he went to bed. He thus, like Atlas, bore the whole weight of his world upon his own shoulders.

CHILDREN CONVICTS.—The records of the trials of youthful French Communists are full of painful details. Some of the accused are mere children. One, only fifteen years of age, was accused of having shot down the hostages. He only begged for indulgence. Two others, aged sixteen, declared they had taken no part in the assassination, but had been spectators in the horrible scene. Another said he had been forced by the National Guard to plunder the corpses. One young girl, who is supposed to have fired a murder-shot, begged hard for mercy. "Think," she said, "of my youth, my weakness, and my ignorance. I repent of all I may have done." Another girl declared that everything which had been said against her was false.

Locusts are so thick near Frankfort, Ky., that farmers drive the hogs under the fruit trees, and shake the insects down for them to devour.